THE SALT LAKE HERALD

SUNDAY, AUGUST 23, 1903



# North Pacific Waters Yielding Up Their Vast Wealth

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN

Seattle, Wash., Aug. 22.

WHILE the land of the strange, silent north is giving up millions in yellow treasure each year, its waters continue to yield wealth far in excess of the gold that is wrested from the reluctant earth. The red meat of the North Pacific salmon is as precious as the golden nuggets of the Klondike because it constitutes one of the principal items of the world's food supply. The take of the last season represented 36,265,000 fish, and the pack reached the colossal figure of 126,304,000 pounds of food prepared for the table.

Around the salmon there is the all-pervading mystery of the north. It is born in fresh water and comes back to its birthplace to die. Beyond that little is known of its habits. How far it goes when it puts to sea, what it lives upon, and how long it remains away are questions that no man can answer. Great schools of them have been sighted in the ocean hundreds of miles from land, but when seen they were always headed toward the shore and fresh water. They are supposed to subsist upon vegetable matter, and their length of life is reckoned by various authorities to be all the way from four to eight years.

When they are grown they make for fresh water, traveling in such numbers that often the smaller streams are literally choked with them. They follow closely along the shore in the search for suitable spawning grounds. The male scoops out a little furrow in the sand with his nose, in which the female deposits her eggs, after which they are covered over and left to hatch. It is said that there is not room enough at the spawning grounds for one-twentieth of the fish to deposit their eggs, and that there is great waste from the crowding, the deposits of the early arrivals being disturbed again and again by the late comers. As soon as the female deposits the eggs her usefulness is ended, and she soon dies.

The fish are caught at the mouths of the streams or as they ascend the same. The men in the employ of the different companies are separated into gangs and distributed over the territory they are to cover. They operate from stations, where there are small houses, in which they eat and sleep during the fishing season. Sometimes a company will have as many as sixty men distributed among twenty of these stations, at distances reaching as far as fifty miles from the cannery. The same steamer that gathers up the fish from the stations delivers the food and supplies for the men.

A gentleman familiar with the different methods of catching the salmon said: "In gill net fishing two men are assigned to each boat. The nets commonly in use vary from 200 to 250 fathoms in length. These are carefully stored in the stern. One man rows and the other carefully pays out the net, which has a buoy attached to the end. The course is steered across the tide, and when the last of the netting is out another buoy holds it in place, when it is left to drift with the tide until the time arrives for hauling in the fish. It sometimes happens, when the run is heavy, that the net will have to be pulled in before it is half payed out. The process of gill-netting is the most simple of all."

"In seine fishing the nets are usually much longer, generally 800 or 1,000 fathoms in length, and often more. They are laid in the same way, being payed out over a roller in the stern of the boat, the rope having been first attached to a stout post on the beach. A wide circuit is then made, inclosing as much water as the length of the seine will allow. When the last end is landed the whole gang of men, often twenty or more, laboriously haul in, and when there is a good catch it is heavy work, indeed. At some fisheries much hard work is avoided and the process greatly facilitated by the use of a steam launch in towing the seine and a steam winch for the hauling. During the latter case men in boats follow along the cork line to prevent the seine from snagging at the bottom. It is reported that with the help of steam power and the largestd sinze seine as many as 75,000 salmon have been taken at a single haul. When the fish are hauled into shoal water, if the catch is a large one, they are scooped out of the seine with huge dip nets into th canneries. One of these scows will hold 12,000 fish.

"What is known as trap fishing is the wholesale way of taking the salmon. The traps are constructed by driving piles so arranged as to form a lead which is covered with wire or cotton netting. The fish follow this run into an ingeniously arranged 'pot' and when this is once entered there is no escape. All the fishman has to do is to fill his boats at leisure."

The largest cannery in the world is at Fairhaven, Wash., and the process of putting up the fish is very interesting. When the plant is running at its full capacity, 600 people are employed in it. Two transcontinental railroad lines have switches running up to the warehouse in the rear of it, while at the outer end there is pier where ocean-going steamers can tie up and load. In the loft over the cannery 10,000,000 tin cans are stored, preparatory to the coming of the fish. During the busy season, in July and August, this great plant can handle 100,000 salmon averaging six pounds each, every day.

One of the experts in the employ of the concern, in describing the process, said: "The fish are brought in on scows during the evening. They are transferred from the boats to conveyors, which deposit them upon the floor of the butcher room. Chinamen are employed as butchers. They stand in rows at tables and cut off the heads, fins and tails. In order to keep this room clean it is frequently scoured with salt water. After the butchers remove the heads and tails from the fish, they are pushed forward upon a rubber belt, which conveys them to new and recently installed cleaning machines. The salmon are fed into these at the rate of forty-five per minute. They go head first between rollers which move them into sharp knives, which slit their bellies open, then scrapers and brushes, operating in a force of water, clean out all entrails and blood, and discharge the fish in a tank of running water. To be doubly sure that they are absolutely clean, they are inspected and placed in elevated boxes with slatted bottoms and left to drain.

"The next step in the process is accomplished by placing the fish in pockets on a revolving drum, which carries them around to a series of rapidly moving circular knives, that divide the meat into choice cuts, just the size required to fill the cans then being used."

There are nine sets of these revolving knives across the cannery, and it is remarkable to see them all running at once, some cutting for one sized can and some another. After the cutting 250 tidy young women pack the meat in the tins. Following a number of minor processes, to insure perfect cleanliness, the cans are steamed for twenty-five minutes, and afterward submitted to a heat of 240 degrees Fahrenheit for an hour, which thoroughly cooks the meat and the bone.

The two great industries of the northwest are fishing and lumbering, and they are similar in the one respect that fearful waste is practiced in both. Sometimes the traps fill up faster than the canners can dispose of the fish, and when this happens dreadful loss ensues.

While I was preparing this article the following dispatch from Astoria, Ore., was published:

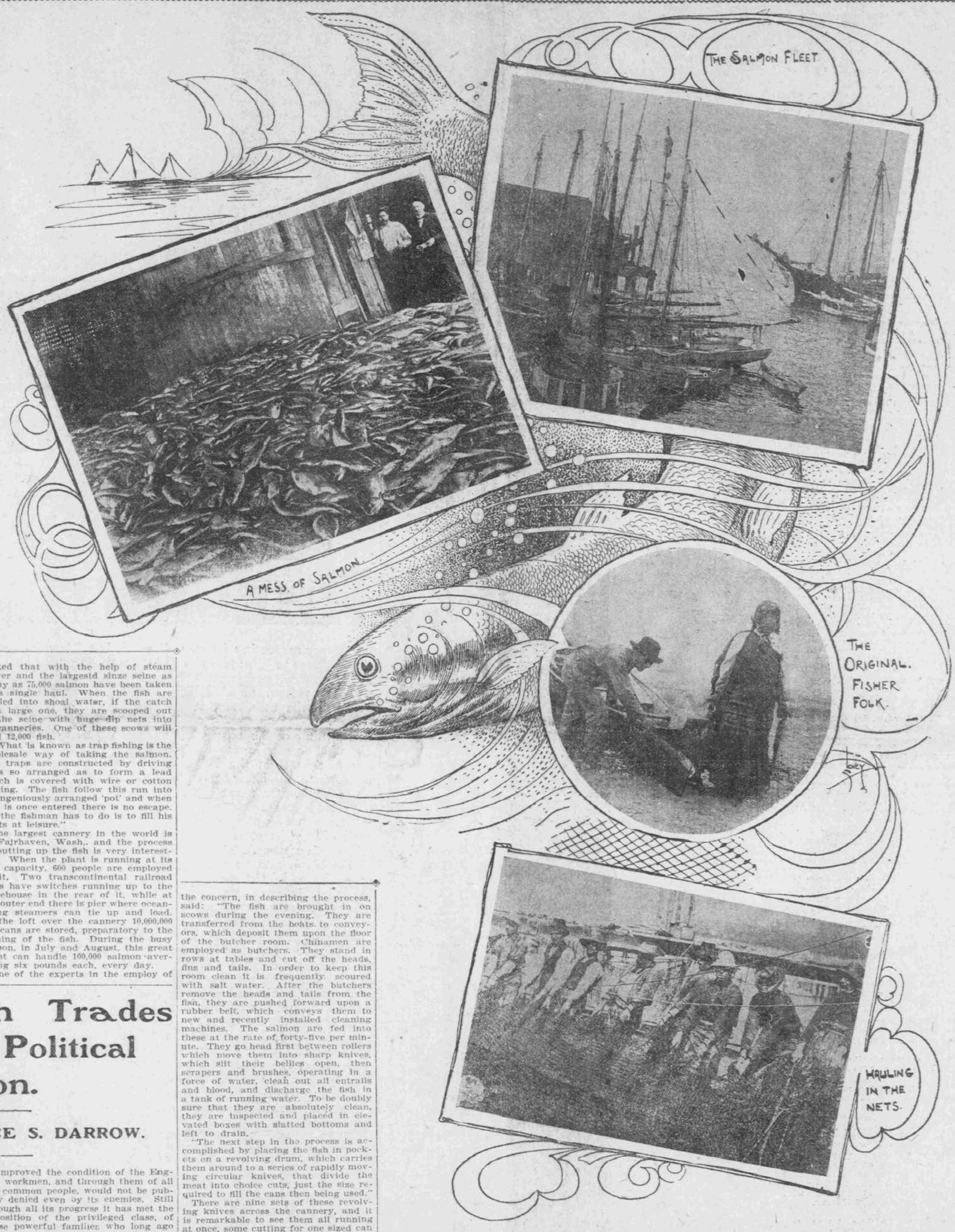
"During the past few days the run of salmon has been so heavy as to compel the packers to decline to receive further catches, and as a result the beach for a distance of two miles is piled high with dead fish, dumped there by the boatload. Hundreds of tons of valuable food have been lost in this way, and the city council has had to take steps to have the putrid mass removed. Great bonfires will be lighted and the decaying fish destroyed by fire."

All of these fish were destroyed as they entered the Columbia river. Among them were thousands of mature females hurrying to the spawning grounds to deposit their eggs. Every one intercepted meant a lessening of the progeny by many thousands. Considering the wholesale manner in which these valuable fish are taken before they can accomplish their habits of reproduction, it seems almost marvelous that the species has thus far escaped total annihilation. The law has been forced to protect them, but their destruction continues in the most ruthless manner.

Mr. Howard M. Kutchin, special government agent, tells this instance of a trap so arranged that it obeyed the letter of the law, while in reality it violated and defeated the spirit of the same. The law says that obstructions must not be placed in the mouths of streams. To avoid this tre trap was set just outside the mouth and built diagonally outward from shore until it became practically a fence, although it left a wide entrance to the stream on an approach from the opposite direction. The incoming salmon followed along the beach on which the trap was set, not leaving a course as a boatman would to get by it. They were as effectually prevented from entering the stream as if the trap had been built straight out from one shore to the other. The abuses of the trap system are varied. In many instances when there are enough fish on hand to run the cannery for the time being, the traps are still left open and the salmon crowd into them and are left there to rot. This is done to prevent the fish from getting into the traps of competitors further up stream.

The law also requires that every firm taking fish from the streams must take up the propagation of salmon and put back into the water ten minnows for every matured fish they catch. In compliance with this act one firm this year released 50,000,000 fry. There is no way of telling what becomes of these small fish. They have many enemies that lay in wait for them, and it is doubtful if one out of every ten of them lives to reach salt water, or to return at maturity to its birthplace. The difficulty of propagation, even if conducted with honest intentions, is that so little is known of he habits of this mysterious vsh.

The strange part of the situation is that although the salmon has been pursued and butchered in the most relentless manner, it seems to utterly defy its enemies, human and otherwise, and to be equal to surviving the terrible slaughter to which it is being subjected. Every year there are more fishermen and more canneries, and yet the salmon come out of the deep in countless millions, and run into the rivers, where sure doom awaits them. They have already outlived prophecy. The mystery of their charmed life seems not within the province of man to understand.




## The English Trades Unions & Political Action.

By HON. CLARENCE S. DARROW.

London, Aug. 15.—In spite of all that the American finds new and strange in England, still the traveler soon discovers that the two countries are wonderfully alike. Of course, with the exaggerated egotism of all men and peoples, we are at first surprised to see how many of our customs, institutions and laws have been adopted here; on second thoughts we marvel to find how closely we really follow the footsteps and experiences of the English people.

In no way do we find conditions more faithfully reproduced than in what is known as the "labor movement' of both nations. To determine what America will be tomorrow it is a good plan to see what England is today. Both in England and America the labor question in some form overshadows all other topics. It does this because fundamentally the labor question is the question of democracy of the rights of the many against the long usurped privileges of the few.

The whole trades unions movement of America has followd in the wake of the English lead. The history of labor organizations in the United States, with all of their trials and tribulations, their victories and defeats, is but a faithful copy of the tempestuous struggles of the English workingmen. To be sure we Americans have written our history much faster, exactly as we do everything else with greater speed, but we do them more rapidly because the way is no longtr strange and untried.

The American trade unionist in the presence of what seems to be his almost invincible power is becoming strangely appprthensive of serious dangers to his cause. In spite of the unprecedented growth of trades unionism in the United States, its strongest supporters and its best friends are looking to its future with perplexing doubts and fears. In this we are but a step behind the English trades unionist. The Englishman is already in the presence of deadly peril and is seeking the best he can to find a defense against the dangers that surround him.

Trades unionism is almost an ancient institution in Great Britain. Its every step has been in keeping with the spirit of democracy, which is after all the most constant aspiration of the human race. That trades unionism has greatly improved the condition of the English workmen, and through them of all the common people, would not be publicly denied even by its enemies. Still through all its progress it has met the opposition of the privileged class, of those powerful families who long ago parceled out the land of Great Britain and decreed that it should belong to them and theirs forever. Just the same, too, it has been opposed by a class still more powerful and aggressive, the commercial class, whose wealth and influence really come from their control of the industrial institutions of the land. Both of these classes instinctively feel that any substantial improvement in the condition of the common people must be at their expense, and at the peril of their precious "rights." It is well enough for politicians and "superficials" to talk of the real harmony between the capitalists and the workingmen, but the plain fact remains that their interests are conflicting and will be always so until the capitalist is the workingman and the workingman the capitalist. Both classes feel this even when they do not understand exactly what it means or why it is the case. So it is that, even though trades unionism has constantly grown in England until it seemed to be almost as firmly established as parliament itself, it has never met the conscious and unconscious opposition of all the favored class. This opposition has once more been made effective in the English courts. Today trades unionism in Great Britain stands almost stunned by the body blows that have been recently given it by the courts. True it is so strong in England that it is groping about for means to defend itself against these deadly onslaughts, but that it has been seriously, if not vitally, wounded is beyond dispute.

The Taft-Vale decision and other similar decisions in Great Britain, like the injunction cases in the United States, are striking at the very life of trades unionism, and no one realizes this more than the workingmen themselves. By this decision the legal responsibility of unions in cases of strikes has been established in Great Britain and almost $150,000 taken from one union on this account, to say nothing of the great expense incurred in its defense. Similar suits and others which the ingenuity of skilled lawyers can readily devise have brought the unions face to face with a crisis which threatens their very lives. Trades unionism is, to say the least, stagnant in Great Britain. It is not growing, it has not grown for two years past; it has doubtless materially declined in power. While it has managed to keep its numbers almost intact, still it has been shorn of its strength. It has been a long time since the unions have conducted a successful strike of large proportions, and with the law as now declared and administered it is difficult to see how they can ever again win such a strike. Of course, trades unions cannot be kept together unless they can do something or at least promise something, for their members. The ordinary workingman will not pay dues and support officials unless he sees that his union can help him in his struggle for life. And while it would be too much to say that this good can only come through strikes, still, better wages cannot be obtained through negotiation without the threat or fear of a strike in case the negotiation fails.

Wherever one goes in England he finds the one opinion expressed that trades unionism must go forward or it will inevitably go back; even the officers of the organization admit the necessity of strong and prompt measures to save their unions. In casting about for means to meet this grave crisis all minds seem to have come to one result—political action. It would not be fair to say that all trades unionists are agreed as to the nature of the political action, for they are not. The division of the working people has always been the hope and safety of the favored class, and the English workmen, like the American workmen, seem almost hopelessly divided as to the nature of this political action. In England, as in the United States, there are not wanting superficial leaders who cannot distinguish between political opinions and religious opinions, and who say that a union has as much right to interfere with the one as the other—men who cannot understand that political parties and movements are only of value if they tend to promote the general good. But, however English labor leaders may disagree as to ultimate methods, they seem with one accord to have turned toward political action as the only means that will help them in their present peril.

All over England today the leaders of the trades union movement are standing for parliament. In most instances they are leaving their old political affiliations and standing as "labor candidates" and announcing their bitter hostility to the court decrees that have done so much to undermine and destroy their organizations. It is safe to say that when Chamberlain is again compelled to go before the country, as he must some time within three years, probably much sooner, there will be scarcely a district in England that will not be contested by the labor candidates, by men who, at least in a general way, stand for the rights of the trades unions, for democracy as against vested rights. In the meantime, in all the special elections to fill vacancies, the labor men are busy and are really carrying all before them. Only last week at Barnard Castle, not an industrial center, they elected their candidate, to the surprise of everyone, even themselves. Only a few weeks before Mr. Crooks, a labor candidate, received a majority of 3,000 in a district which before gave an adverse majority of 2,000; while in another district a labor candidate was allowed to be elected without any opposition, either by the liberals or tories. In the present precarious conditions of both parties neither one was willing to incur the hostility of labor.

These elections have of course greatly encouraged trades unionists and their friends; they have demonstrated that their ideas are really strong with the common people, and that it needs only intelligent leadership to accomplish definite results.

In all of these campaigns the decisions of the courts were openly attacked and severely condemned. Whatever else these labor members stand for, they are pledged to destroy the Taft-Vale decision and all others of its kind. In this, too, the English workman understands what he can accomplish. Fifty years ago the judges of England had completely bound and fettered trades unionism. They had so shaped the law that any concerted action on the part of the unions was criminal, but by a resort to parliament all these laws were destroyed at once and trades unions left free to act. It was fifty years before the courts again commenced to undermine and destroy the hopes of the organizations of workingmen.

Of course there are few progressive people in England who propose to stop when these decisions are upset. The constructive policy which should follow this legislation is not so easily agreed upon, but it is safe to say that events have taught the English trades unionist that he must go into politics or be lost, and that the common people when brought to the poll have shown that the thing most needed is intelligent, honest leadership for the hosts of labor.

It might be worth while to inquire why the enemies of democracy always resort to the courts with such good result. The reason is very simple and is true in England and America and the world over. The courts are naturally made up of the most successful lawyers, and these have naturally been in the service of the privileged classes and have come to view all questions from that side alone. The law is not like arithmetic or geometry, a fixed science, but it depends entirely on the opinion of the men who pronounce it, and this opinion has almost always been pronounced by men whose whole life has been spent with the privileged class.

The movement in England toward political action is influenced by a still deeper though perhaps a more unconscious feeling. Anglo-Saxon people love order and system, and this has come to be very closely associated with law. The strike and the boycott and the lockout are really systems of warfare, and for this reason seldom lead to permanent good. The great problem is the orderly and lawful change of industrial and political institutions to bring about a condition of democracy and equality amongst men. So long as political institutions exist their action will be considered the lawful, rightful movement of society, and for this reason if a state is really progressive and stands for democracy against privilege, its political forces must represent its real life.



### "SOMEWHERE."

(Book of the Royal Blue.)

Somewhere the roses are brave and red,
And apple blossoms are sweet and spread
A wistful perfume that scents the day
And clings to zephyrs that croon away
When night comes slowly and bids them stay;
A wondrous fragrance the blossoms bear—
And wouldn't you like to be there?

Somewhere the meadows are stretching green,
As clear as jewels, and soft and clean,
With dandelions in spangled show
That nod to you when the breezes blow;
Somewhere the meadows—but don't you know
The tone and tang of the bracing air,
And wouldn't you like to be there?

Somewhere there reaches a country road,
With crickets chanting a twilight ode,
And blending branches to paint a shade
Where moonbeams glimmer and gleam and fade,
And will-o'-the-wisps in the distance wade;
Somewhere the fireflies flash and flare—
And wouldn't you like to be there?

Somewhere—you know it; oh, who but holds
A memory that his heart enfolds—
A memory of the leaning trees
And soothing song of the honey bees
And all of the boy-day melodies!
Somewhere you lived in it all—somewhere—
And wouldn't you like to be there?

### Why Mr. Dickson Quit.

(New York Press.)

Senator Hoar used to be shaved by a colored barber of the name of Dickson whenever he went to Boston. One morning he opened a conversation by saying: "I believe you are a member of the African church in —— street?"

"No, sah; not at all, sah." was the reply, made with much dignity.

"Ah, I thought you were when I was here last."

"But not dis yeah, sah."

"Ah, have you resigned?"

"Well, sah, it was dis way: I jined dat church en good faith and de fust yeah I give $10 to'ds the stated gospel, en all de church people calls me 'Brudder Dickson.' De second yeah ma bizness fell off, en I give $5; en all de church people dey call me 'Mister Dickson.' Do dis razzer huht yo', sah?"

"Not at all; it is very easy."

"Thank yo', sah; well, de third yeah I feel so pohly dat I don' give nuthin' 't all fur preachin', en all de church people dey pass me by en say 'dat old niggah Dickson.' After dat I quit 'em."

### Her Explanation.

A lady who warbled in mezzo,
Replied, "I am always in dezzo.
My runs and my trills
Could pay all my bills,
And would, if I didn't forgezzo."
—Judge.

### Too Delighted to Lie.

(New York Press.)

When the mistress of a Madison avenue home returned from shopping she detected the odor of her favorite brand of perfume, which evidently had been applied without stint. A new negro chambermaid immediately fell under suspicion.

"Annie," began the woman, expecting a flat denial, "have you been using my perfume?"

"Yes'm, yes'm," replied Annie, with genuine delight on her chocolate-hued face. "Fust time in mah life I ever smelt sweet."

### King Peter I. of Servia.

Hail to the king—great Peter I!
Let trumpets sound and cannon burst!
But hold—there is a chance for doubt!
King Peter he may peter out!
—J. P. Case in Boston Post.